

THE  
FARMER'S Yard;  
A NEW *J. Wolfe*  
F A B L E  
FOR  
Æ S O P.

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 In furias, ignemque ruunt : -----  
 VIRG. Geor. L. III.

-----rixatur de lana sæpe caprina; et  
Propugnat nugis armatus -----  
Hor. L. I. Epist. 18.

Printed in the Year 1747.

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## Farmer's Yard ;

## A NEW

## F A B L E.

**O**NCE on a Time, in Farmer's Yard,  
 Where plenteously his Poultry far'd,  
 Where Fowl of ev'ry Kind and Breed,  
 Had but to *wanton* and to *feed* ;  
 A Goldfinch, (*pest Intruder*) came,  
 Resolv'd to court some feather'd Dame.

SOON as he spies a comely Goose,  
 To her he breaks his Purpose loose,  
 He'd do---- *ay wou'd he, Z---ds and Blood,*  
*He'd do what any Gander cou'd.*

THE Nymph most gentle, tho' so bully'd,  
 Observ'd her Feathers might be sully'd ;  
 That he did nought, *but burt her Toes,*  
 By Hints too broad----so up she rose,  
 And to a secret Corner flew  
 For Shelter, --- *Goldfinch* flies there too.

THE Gander, being now inform'd  
 The Fort was likely to be storm'd,  
 Impetuous flew --- the Siege he rais'd,  
 And the fell Ravisher appeas'd.

But

But not before (to cool his Lust)  
He laid poor *Goldfinch* in the Dust.

THUS he remains the Field's Commander,  
(For what's a *Goldfinch* to a *Gander*)  
But still his *Fame* must be repair'd  
And his dread *Majesty* rever'd,  
So he appeals to th' Farmer's Laws,  
Who calls a Court to try his Cause.

THIS *Gander* was of high Descent,  
To *Noah's Goose* his Life-tree went;  
And the *Welsh Antiquary* lyes,  
Or he's as great a *Goose* as flies.

THE Court now sat in proper Station,  
*Gander* begins his grand Oration,

In



In Stile so pure, so *Ciceronian*,  
 As might have vy'd with good *John Bunyan*,  
 He shews the Nature of the Quarrel,  
 Makes plain the Pris'ner's Scheme immoral,  
 Tells, with what infinite Address,  
 He order'd Goldfinch to *Durefs* ;  
 And shews th' *Utility of State*,  
 That *Geeſe* should act the *Magistrate* ;  
 Defines a *Vagrant*, and denys he's  
 Of *Rank*, which he himself *despises* ;  
 He proves that all his *Geeſe* are *Swans* ;  
 He one of *Jove's* and *Læda's* Sons ;  
 He who's the Haggard's great *Director*,  
 Who's still the *Capitol's Protector*,  
 Nay King he was, and many ſay 'tis  
 A *Crimen Læſæ Majestatis*.

What,

What, tho' he courts in various Shape, A  
 His Sire ambiguous *Jove* to *Apo*,  
 'Tis but a Token of his Skill,  
 And he's a *Goldfinch* when he will.

THE Plaintiff heard, and eke Defendant,  
 The Court was now to make an end o'nt,  
 But sure no Grubstreet Muse can tell  
 What dire Diffensions now befell.  
 Some wou'd the Ravisher unsex  
 And plainly hint the Fate of *H----*  
 Some thought each *Goose* must be a *bold Wench*,  
 And that a *Gander* is no *Goldfinch*;  
 Both Sides the Case so plain appears,  
 They fell together by the Ears.

Now after many a Kick and Cuff,  
 When both Sides felt they'd got enough,

A *Stranger* chanc'd to ask the Cause  
 Of such Transgressions 'gainst the Laws.  
 The *Combatants* with Shame hung down  
 Their Heads, and being brought to own  
 The single Question *thus debated*  
 Was, "If the *Goose* degenerated,"  
 The *worthy Cause* their Swords decide---  
 A *Goose's Honour*, or his Pride:  
 No longer, now, of Blood profuse,  
 Together join to hiss the *Goose*.

They tell. *S. I. N. E.*

Now after many a Kick and Cuff,  
 When both Sides felt they'd got enough,